

The Master & the Pupil.

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In the great school-room, still the children are
studying with eyes fixed on their teacher, the master
looks at them.

He regards the young faces attentively, the fallen
head bent at their work, scarcely brought to their
place through his mind.

"Children, you are my young family, my family
by adoption, ~~so as~~ which is renewed every year;
Assembled around me to-day, you will be dispersed
for the most part at the end of the year. But, near
or far, my heart will follow you.

"You do not understand, dear children confided to
my care, how much your master loves you. When
you see him look at you with an eye a little
severe, often to raise his voice to reprove you;
Sometimes he is obliged to punish you. And,
you little imagine all the time how much affection
there is for you in his heart.

"Why has your master studied long, read many
books, learnt many difficult matters? and
why does he still labour? Is it not for you?

"Is it not necessary to tell children before
one can say to oneself: - I will pass my life
in instructing them; I will make myself a
child to better treat them understanding that
I have to teach them; Their moment gladness
their worthlessness, even their naughtiness & their
ungratefulness, nothing shall disconcert me.

"Yes, my children, I love you. I love in you your
families, of which you are the joy; I love in you
your country, of which you are the hope.

"Unknown I live, unknown I shall die; but if I can
implant in your spirits principles of truth
& generosity, this will be to me the sweetest reward,
the highest honour. When I shall be no more, when
you grow up, you will forget, perhaps, the teacher of you.

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your youth, something of him will remain in you,
of which you never dream. Then you read, he who
now causes you to read will still have some share
in you: & when you write to those few friends
you have still have a part in your works; when
you think of your duties, of your country, when
you look to him for its prosperity, your master shall
have his part in those fervent thoughts with
which he ~~has~~ inspired your childhood. In, &
shall not die entirely; for I shall live again
in you.

"Children, your master loves you, he will love you
always; what does he ask of you in exchange?
Nothing more than a little attention to his words,
a little respect for his lessons, and if you have
heart, a little affection for him."

At the master's ~~thecame~~ his heart was filled with
most uncommon tenderness towards his young
charge.

A pupil who was shortly to leave the school, which had
always been amongst the first, having finished
his task before the others, stopped, & with a thoughtful
countenance, looked at his master.

Then, as if their thoughts answered to one to the
other, the child began to think that he would soon be
leaving the familiar school-rooms, his comrades
this master. A feeling of gratitude awoke within
him; he said: "May heaven do for my reward
my master half that he has done for me!"

L.-J.-M. French.

Petalozzi.

No one who has shown greater care for the young, no
one has sacrificed more for their instruction than
Petalozzi, took over the teaching in our schools
and reforms of the greatest importance.

Born at Zurich in Switzerland, in 1766, Petalozzi,

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early learnt from his mother to have but one heart,
to make himself useful to his fellows, especially
to those who suffered. Wishing to find a remedy
for the miseries of the people, he set himself in
the first place to the study of jurisprudence, in
the hope of discovering some useful reform in
the laws which should diminish misery. But
he was not slow to be convinced that the true
remedy is in the enlightenment of the people
rather than in change of laws.

"All might have the most perfect laws," said he, "but
that would not be enough; the future of the nation is
in the schools; it is the schools which must
be reformed."

A new light broke upon him; he resolved
to become a schoolmaster.

"Noble profession," cried he, "perhaps the most
beautiful of all; I make my chosen fit. I will
surround myself with children; I will instruct
them; I will love them, & by so doing I
shall win for myself no happiness than
if I occupied a high position in the State."
Full of this generous purpose he gathered together
some eighty poor children, homeless, & friendless,
and abandoned to beggary. "I will give you," he
said to them, "by instructing you the means of
gaining an honest livelihood."

And he led them to an ~~empty~~ ^{empty} which he had
purchased with a view to transforming the place
into a school. He fed & taught these little ones
as soon as possible for his work. He had soon spent
the little fortune which he possessed. But his new
method of education was so attractive, his heart so
generous, his efforts so persevering, that he had succeeded
in transforming into reasonable beings & hundreds
of vagabond children, born scared in vice.
His fortune was ruined & so that, but his method of
education had succeeded, he felt himself richer than
before.

It is his method, in fact, which is followed to this day in most schools, at home abroad. It is thanks to him that study has become such a soft & attraction for the children.

Instead of being disconcerted at the loss of his patrimony, Pestalozzi found means to establish new schools, always with the same success. He was not without his enemies, however, of his success, desiring to injure him, pretended that he did not know how to write, not to calculate, nor even to read with ease. And he, in his beautiful modesty, said:

"I have, in part, forgotten all these things, yet in precisely the need of this knowledge will induce me to invent the most simple method of teaching."

In those who are the most ignorant, he learned intelligent however gathered from all parts in order to visit the schools of which he had heard such marvellous accounts, & to see the extraordinary man who directed them.

Those who were present at the examinations could not contain their surprise in seeing the rapid progress of the pupils in the different branches of their various studies. But the greatest treat was to hear Pestalozzi himself question & teach. It seemed a very simple matter to do as he did, but everybody knew that in his very simplicity lay the difficulty. The children learnt without perceiving that they were at work.

If Pestalozzi became famous, he certainly did not become rich; ^{it} far from that, all that he possessed he spent on the children. He died very poor, as he had lived, in 1827.

"My life," said he to one of his friends, "has been, during nearly years, a struggle against misery, almost always, even now, I can never go into society, because

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pretty well in Latin & Greek - better, I believe, than I should have done if I had been at a first-rate school my self; & I hope I did the boys some good, though some of them that running was not the best quality to start in life with. And I was not often very unhappy, for I could always look forward to my holidays with my father.

"However, soon that I was never better pleased than on Christmas, when the Vicar came over from College, brought with him a letter from the Principal of St. Ambrose College, Oxford, appointing me to a scholar ship. My father was even more delighted than I, and had a merry evening with me. The Vicar took occasion, in the course of the evening, to hint that it was only poor men who took their place at the University, & that I might find some inconvenience, & suffer some annoyances, by it being in exactly the same position as other men. But my dear old father could not hear of it; I was now going to be amongst the very pick of English gentlemen - what could it matter whether I had money or not?

"Went to the door with the Vicar, who told me to come and see him in the morning. I half guessed what he wanted to see me for. He knew all my father's affairs perfectly well, & wished to proper me, what was coming in the evening. 'Your father,' he said, 'is one of the most liberal men I ever met; he is almost the only person who gives anything to the schools, & other charities in this parish, he gives to the utmost. You could not wish, I know, to cast off these gifts, which bring the highest reward with them, when they are made in the spirit in which he makes them. Then he is getting old, you would never like him to deny himself the comforts (after enough they are) which he is used to'

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6. He has nothing but his half-pay to live on, & out
of that he pays £50 a year for insurance, & he has
insured his life, that you may have something
beside the cottage & the land when he dies. Don't tell
you this that you may know the facts beforehand.
I am sure that you would never take a penny
from him if you could help it. But he won't
be happy unless he makes you some allowance
& he can spare you £40 a year without crippling
himself. How you will not be able to live properly &
upon that up at Deptford, even as a servant. Speak
to your master York, as your oldest friend, & you
must allow me the privilege of an old friend.
There's more than I want, & I propose to make up
your allowance at Deptford to £60 a year, without letting
your father know. You see what I mean?"

"I remember almost ~~as~~ ^{as} you said for word what
the Vicar said; for it is not often in one's
life that one meets with this sort of friend.
At first I thanked him, but refused to take any
thing from him. I had saved enough. I said, to
carry me through Deptford. But he would not be
put off & I found that his heart was as ~~many~~
set on making me an allowance kindly
as on saving my master. So I agreed to take
£25 a year from him.

"Then we met again in the evening when my
father's visitors, it was as good as a play to see the
dear old man, with his spectacles on his papers
before him, proving in some wonderful way that
he could easily allow me at least £80 or £100
a year; it was very hard work to convince him
that I should want no more than £40. But
at last it was settled. After the meet three
weeks we were all busy with the preparations for
my start.

"And now I have told you how it came to pass that two
years ago last October I came to Deptford as a servant?"

from Tom Brown at Deptford.